And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himselfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft low tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is 't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close-conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard
And how my men will stay themselue
When they do homage to this simple
Ile in to counsell them: haply my pr
May well abate the ouer-merrie spiee
Which otherwise would grow into e

Enter aloft the drunkard with attend
Basen and Ewer, & other appurten
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Al
1 *Ser.* Wilt please your Lordship
2 *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor ta
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your l
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly*, cal
ship: I ne're dranke sacke in my life:
serues, giue mee conserues of Beefe:
weare, for I haue no more doublets
ings then legges: nor no more shooes
feet then shooes, or such shooes as m
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle hum
Oh that a mightie man of such disce
Of such possessions, and so high este
Should be infused with so foule a sp
Beg. What would you make me ma
old *Slies* sonne of Burton-heath by b
Cardmaker, by transmutation a Bea
profession a Tinker. Aske *Marri*
Wincot, if shee know me not: if sh
score for sheere Ale; score mee
Christendome. What I am not bett
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that make
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes
Lord. Hence comes it, that you
As beaten hence by your strange Lu
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of t
Call home thy ancient thoughts fro
And banish hence these abiect lowli
Looke how thy seruants do attend c

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bu